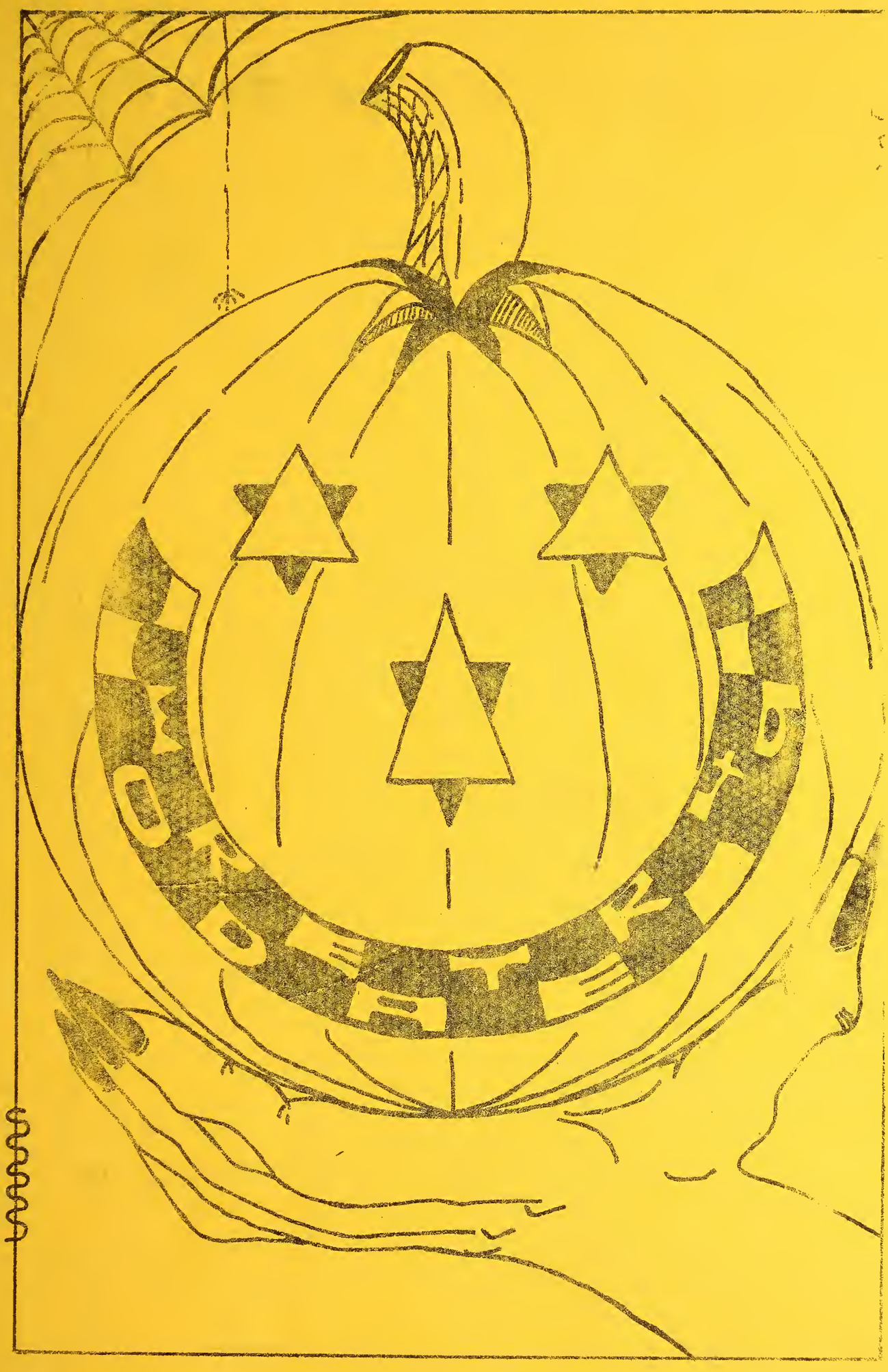


WORDEATER 49 STAFF

Kim Baxa, Judy Belfield, Shelbia Chandler, Dan Druszkowski, Robin McWilliams, Valerie Ramdin, John Stobart

To get a submission printed in this issue, four of the seven people on the staff had to vote for acceptance. For the award winners, only John Stobart is responsible.

AWARDS

Cash prizes of up to $25 are often awarded for outstanding work of poetry and/or prose, but no cash prizes are awarded for this issue.

Covers •$20 to Bonnie Wagner

Manuscripts or cover designs for WORDEATER 50 must be submitted to John Stobart in room C-1069 by:

November 21, 1984

Manuscripts will not be returned, and SHOULD BE TYPED.

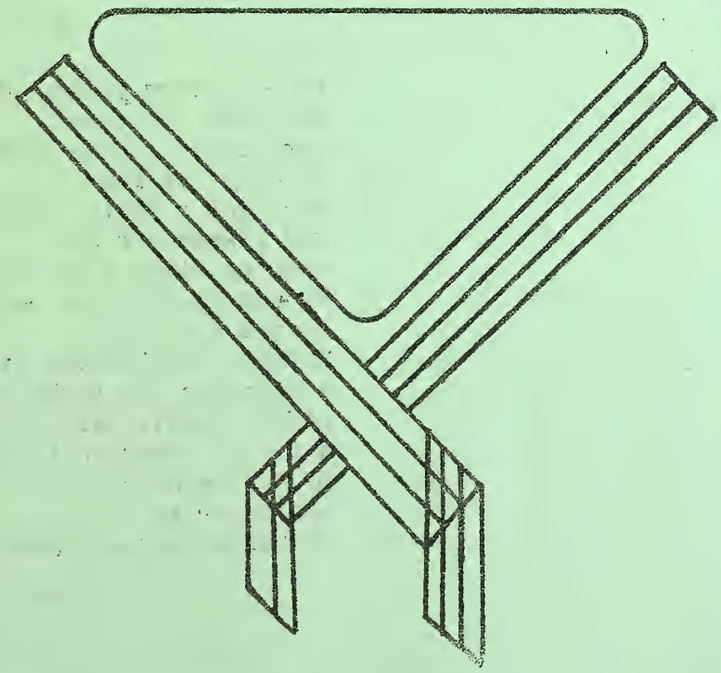
NEXT THREE DEADLINES:

November 21, 1984
February 22, 1985
April 19, 1985

All copyrights are retained by the authors, and material may not be reprinted without their permission.

Table of Contents

Judy Belfield	Groundwork	1
John Bertoletti	Gimme A Break	1
Donna Shi ovich	Nothing Is Lu(Minus)	1
Dan Druszkowski	Hunting Satan on Surburban Sidestreet	1
Judy Lake	Keep It Simple	1
Judy Belfield	My God	1
Dan Druszkowski	Fear Engulfs Us Everyday	2
Dan Druszkowski	Not Of This World	2
Dale Inman	The Day They Came For Me	3
Lisa Franceschini	When Will I Ever Learn	4
Donna Shibovich	Diagnosis	4
Judy Belfield	Powerless	5
Donna Shibovich	Crispy Fried The Half Cracked Brain	5
Dan Druszkowski	Let The Games Begin	5
Kelly Derr	Life	5
Judy Belfield	Basics	5
Peggy Sullivan	Too Much, Too Soon	6
Lauren LeDuc	Dear Lauren: Advice Column	10
Judy Belfield	Supplicant	10
Trina Cousineau	Weather Control	10
Judy Belfield	Just Buzzin	12
Shelbia Chandler	Cold Weather Blues	12
Judy Belfield	Summer And Silver	13
Valerie Ramdin	Mauve	13
Kim Baxa	Summer's End	13
Judy Belfield	Turnabout	13
Donna Shibovich	JeaLousy	13
Judy Belfield	Two Grampa Poems: Going Home/A Long Trip	14
Yolanda Wolz	Goodnight, Little Brother	14
Yolanda Wolz	The Water's Edge	14
Judy Belfield	Dreamwalker	15
Judy Lake	Joey's Buried Treasure	15
Kim Baxa	Billy The Kid	16
William Bowden	The Ballad of Cuss	18
Judy Belfield	Another Kind of Patriotism	18
Dan Druszkowski	Obverse Reverse	18



Judy Belfield

GROUNDWORK

We do not build walls together
admiring each other's skill
as we work
but put up stones
alone.

****

Donna Shibovich

NOTHING IS LU(MINUS)

Nothing is lu-
(minus)--
without love.
We must anal-
eyes
the iss-
(you)
and me.
to find
the tr-
(youth)
in us.

****

Judy Lake

KEEP IT SIMPLE

Simple is easy.
Simple is best.
All those big words
Put my brain to a test!

When talking to people
Or writing a letter,
Keep it simple
'Cause simple is better!

So, I'm following my own
Simple words of advice;
My poem is simple,
Simple is nice!

****

John Bertoletti

GIMME A BREAK

I'm getting so sick of it all
that if I hear any more
about him, they'll be calling
me the "Thriller Killer."

****

Dan Druszkowski

HUNTING SATAN ON SUBURBAN SIDESTREET

A simple prognosis
For those who have noticed
The reasons that we are alive,
Drowning in gloom
Swallowed too soon
Backward and forw^{a}rd through time

Expanding resistance
Contracting persistance
Sketching a path through the land,
Tumultous wars
Free souls by the scores
Walking with Death by her hand

Thunder and lightning
Religious enlightening
Wizards of thought are musicians,
Mass contradiction
Fact or true fiction
Leading the scale of precision

****

Judy Belfield

MY GOD

My God wears yellow patent leather shoes
and taps his toes
when Scott Joplin ragtime
tickles his feet.
He's got a tooth missing
and hisses his s's
when he sings along with Mitch.
My God eats potato chips in bed
drinks Kool-Aid
and watches "Sesame Street" faithfully.
Afternoons, he picks dandelions
plays leapfrog with grasshoppers
and races bees to the clover.
My God is simple,
laughs a lot,
and winks at our wisdom.

****

Dan Druszkowski

NOT OF THIS WORLD

The village of Phu'Phong Vietman was in a relaxed contented mood this morning. Another night of fighting, or "BacBac," as the Vietnamese call it, had taken place during the night. This was nothing new and would probably occur again tonight. The jungle-shrouded mountains to the east of Phu'Phong were swarming with Viet Cong soldiers. An intense battle was imminent.

Larry Thornton had just got here on this day from his base in Okinawa, Japan. Pressure at home tricked him into a war he was unsure about. He held his brightly-polished M-16 with pride as he strolled into camp. His short stature and determined look he wore upon his face made him a comical image to behold.

That look of determination disappeared quickly when he saw the bloodied bodies of two Vietnamese women laying in the grass. Being his inquisitive self, he confronted a soldier nearby.

"What happened to those two women?" he asked.

"Oh man, it was great," the soldier replied. "Lacey got 'em both with one frag."

"Frag?"

"Ya know, man, a grenade." He made the motion of one being thrown and the sound of it exploding. Then he fell to the ground as if he was injured.

"He can't do that!" Thornton yelled.

The soldier looked up. "Yes, he can. And he did. It was great!" He pointed toward the two women. "Them Mama-sans had it comin'."

"Who and where's the platoon sergeant?" Thornton demanded.

The soldier looked at Thornton. "Platoon sergeant?" He scratched his head. "Oh, you must mean the Big Papa Sierra. We call him the Savior. He's countin' bodies out at the left of the perimeter."

Thornton marched across the village and after asking a few people, he found the Savior The Savior was a huge man with a sardonic look to his face. He went through the routine of introductions with Thornton in annoyance.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Thornton, sir."

"I'm nobody's sir," he snarled. "Call me Savior."

"Yes, Sir . . .avior."

Thornton went on. "Did you see what Lacey . . ."

The Savior broke in, "Great guy!"

"Yes, but he killed two village woment with a grenade last night, and everyone seems to be proud of him."

"So?"

"So? What, are you crazy too? Everyone here is crazy just like they say back home in the States. You're all crazy!"

Dan Druszkowski

FEAR ENGULFS US EVERYDAY

Fear engulfs us everyday by the power
of aggressors
The path is blurred by minds obscured
By demons and possessors
To light our way we torch the sky and
mixup our emotions
We forge on through with faith so true
An spill our deadly potions
Swords of fire spread fear and death
and burn up all production
This hateful sin has always been
An explosion of reduction
Tt's time to challenge all the facts
and start the revolution
The road is hard but not too far
It holds the one solution
The spirits rest deep in ground they
want a new empire
The loaded gun has just begun
To capture all the liars
We seek the end to hear the word and
break out of the
bondage
Fall to our knees scream out our pleas
It's die or show them homage.

****

The Savior looked at Thornton, then spoke in a tempered voice. "Back home in the world is everyone sane? No! That's where the crazies are. Not here!" He started walking. "Follow me."

They crossed the village to the place the two women were. The Savior picked up the dismembered arm of one of the bodies as Thornton watched reluctantly. Then he dropped the arm, and pulled back the lips on both bodies to expose the teeth. He looked at Thornton. "Lacey did good."

Thornton was in shock. "What?"

"Look, man, no callouses on the fingers, and teeth that haven't rotted. That's what villagers have, man. These two are, or were, nurses from the North Vietnamese army disguised as villagers to fool the likes of you!"

Thornton persisted. "It's not righ' How can you justify the killings of innocent people?"

"For Christ's sake!" the Savior shouted. "Everything is justified in a war and nobody is innocent. Remember that."

The Savior lit up a cigarette and continued. "If yer 'fraid to destroy you'll be yer own destroyer." He pulled out a pocket camera and gave it to Thornton. "Eh, Thorny, take a picture of me and the V.C. I killed last night."

The Savior put the cigarette in the mouth of one of the women and put his arm around the other. "I gotta send a picture home to my folks, Mr. and Mrs.

(continued)

Lacey."

When the evening dark closed in, the Savior led a crew out on a listening post. They were to look for signs of enemy movement to warn the troops back at camp. Thornton was taken along for his first taste of the Vietman War.

"Now, there's only six of us, Thorny," the Savior said. "So, if something moves, don't shoot! We arent' here to fight, but to check enemy movement."

"No problem, sir," Thornton replied.

"There he goes again with the formalities."

They had traveled two miles from camp, and about a half-mile into the jungle when Thornton began mumbling. Unseen fears began to haunt him as the jungle closed in tighter. The others had to reassure him.

"Man, be coo. This is a skate, we do it all the time. Don't go Dinky Dan[1] on us, it's . . ."

The Savior broke in. "Whoa, everyone lay chilly!" he yelled in hushed whisper.

Everyone froze and took cover.

"What's up?"

"Listen."

Vietnamese voices could be heard in the near distance, and they were getting louder. They'd be caught if they tried to retreat and were too close to radio for assistance. The Savior spoke under his breath to the others.

"When and if they pass, we'll sky out[2] east most ricky-tick[3]." He looked at Thornton. "Eh, Thorny, relax."

Thornton couldn't. He pulled out a cigarette to calm down. The whole area lit up with the flame.

"You damn fool!"

The area was showered with gunfire. Everyone dove for cover except those who didn't have a chance to move. Thornton ran off screaming into the forest. Soon he was lost.

After running for a while, he dove into a ditch. He laid there for hours in the stagnant water peering at the blanket of darkness before him. He held a tight grip on his gun and listened to the foreboding silence.

He noticed someone lying next to him. The person was dressed as a villager.

"Eh, you V. C.?" He poked the barrel of his gun at the stranger. "No! No! You're not a villager, you V. C.! I know. I'm not one to be fooled!"

He pulled the gun away. "You can't fool me. You're V. C. You killed my friends, so now I'll kill you!"

He took out his dagger and stabbed the killer while whistling "Yankee Doodle Dandy." Then the victim fell silent.

Daylight came and the Savior and his men were out picking up bodies.

"Oh God," moaned one of the men. "It's Thorny."

The Savior ran over and looked into the ditch. "Poor guy. Poor guy. Must' been stabbed 'bout fifty times. I didn' think any Gooks got through this close to the camp."

[1]Vietnamese for "crazy"
[2]To flee
[3]Hurry

****

Dale Inman

THE DAY THEY CAME FOR ME

The day they came for me had begun as an exceptionally fine one. The sunlight had that crystalline quality that comes only late in the year. The sky was an ordered vault of intense blue broken only by the lazy circles of the hawks. Red squirrels and bluejay argued shrilly over nuts and fruit while rabbits fed, keeping a wary eye on the hawks. Deep water welled from the earth and overflowed the pond, set in the midst of the clearing. Speckled fish swam lazily in the sunlight-dappled water. It was a good day to be stretched between earth and sky and at peace with the world.

From my height they were visible a long way off. The sunlight flashed from their spear-points and dust rose in their wake, as they wended their way across the plain. Almost it was as if a giant serpent approached. Rumor of their coming spread like wildfire before them. All in their path was consumed with fear. Soldiers of the Rebellion! Fierce men in bronze armor that bore before them a totem in the form of an eagle with outstretched wings. Why are they here? What has happened? Are the whispers that I have heard true? The King has sent forth his own son and now the enemy plans to defeat him in one bold move. It is hard to believe. This war has been a way of life since before I existed. Never did I think it would come to this remote place. They approach. They enter my clearing. The leader stands apart wearing a blood-red cloak. His finger

(continued)

points to me. Two men come forth from the ranks. In their hands are long axes with cruelly sharp edges. The axes rise and fall. Why me? Why me? They carry me away from the clearing that I have protected for so long. Down we go into the city on the plain. There has been a great battle between the King and his enemy. And the King has lost. The King's own son is a prisoner. His followers are scattered and fearful. The city and its people follow a path not of its own choosing, but which it can neither halt or change. All wonder what will happen now.

They take me to a square on the far side of the city. Men with axes hew me again. I am shaped into an object of horror. This cannot be. Down the steps of the palace comes a man barely recognizable as a man. His back is tattered flesh, barely covering the bone. His beard has been torn out. On his forehead rests a crown of thorns. Warriors raise me to his shoulders and command him to walk. He takes a faltering step. Then another. And another. The long journey to the hill is begun. Forgive me. Forgive me. But he does not hear. Not yet.

Crowds line the street. Some cheer and clap. Some are silent. Some turn away. It takes a long time to reach the hill, but we finally arrive. Once again, I stand stretched between earth and sky. I am not alone though. I am surrounded and embraced. The Son calls out to the Father. The thief calls out to the Son. I groan beneath my burden and rail against my fate. His life drains out upon me and I am stained forever.

The enemy has won and earth weeps. Guilt weighs heavily on me as they take him down and away. I am defeated. And yet--mixed with the despair are the beginnings of a new hope. Why? Is there a truth yet to be learned? Again the rumors start to fly. It was not the King, but the enemy who was defeated. The Son is not dead. The gates of the enemy's stronghold shattered before the scars in his upraised hands. Son's blood does not stain, but instead, cleanses. In weakness there is strength. In defeat there is victory. Hard lessons but true ones, the learning of which has just begun.

****

Lisa Franceschini

WHEN WILL I EVER LEARN?

When will I ever learn?
When will I ever know?
Who I am,
Where I'll go
I know not of the future,
I know only of the past.
The present is ever mellow . . .
and quickly it does pass.
Today is yesterday;
comes forth a new tomorrow,
Who am I is not a question,
that can be answered in just one way--
for we change as often,
as tomorrow turns into today.

****

Donna Shibovich

DIAGNOSIS

I am in a rage
Goodbye world!
See you again some day?
Forget my name, my age--
Psychosis.
Walk the street
stare at my feet
Miss a crack and cry--
Neurosis.
Oh, me! Oh, my!
Not a thing goes by
without a plot against me--
Paranoid.
The voices call
get against the wall
notionless
confused in a plastic world--
Schizophrenic.
Up, up high
Shake hands with the sky
(a passing time)
down, down low
hello to luring death--
Manic-depressive.
Slit the wrists
pop the pills--
Suicidal.
Time to fight back
whack an RN--
Homicidal.
Hide all of this
and fake it--
Normal.

****

Judy Belfield

POWERLESS

I try to say the day,
to give you
the delicious cool I feel
but cannot touch--
silent breezes singing a melody
across the long horizon--
I cannot remember
the notes or their order.

With pen raised
I am a noisy machine
in a green forest
drowning out
the soft landing of birds' feet
on a cottonwood branch.

I cannot say the day
that you would know
this caress of Tuesday fingers,
this serenade of air and me.

****

Dan Druszkowski

LET THE GAMES BEGIN

The Gods upon melodie rise
Show no mercy, nor compromise,
Blasphemers meet fate this night
In the conquests of old regards

They've killed the moon for lesser things
So cold with terror, their voices ring,
With them all the dead will sing
In the past tense, of loosing cards

In joy they'll pay a scalper's price
With stern convictions, so precise
They live to bruise and batter and fight
In the contest for time's backyard.

****

Judy Belfield

BASICS

I keep thinking
the concept of All
and man's entanglement with Nature
superceds the need
to pen remarks of love.
Who really cares
that this man pines
for that woman
or this woman counts shadows
til that man returns
when there are Oversouls
and stars to contemplate?
I keep thinking
that relationships between two
are unimportant
compared to unions
with Enlightenment;
that the seduction of Truth
is the only priority
that counts . . .

And sometimes at night
I remember whispers
and the feel of skin.

****

Donna Shibovich

CRISPY FRIED, THE HALF CRACKED BRAIN

Crispy fried, the half cracked brain
of a searcher gone insane
Alone and laying, desolation
Digging deep to find the reason
to go on living.
A death trap swings
like a pendulum
over around distorted things
eating up my brain.
Sickman's silver suicides
dazzle in the dark
lonely, lonely scream my soul
Air space and blood stains
I leave my mark
A tear streak on broken glass.

****

Kelly Derr

LIFE

Life is a game.

Sometimes we land on roll again.
Sometimes we lose a turn.
Sometimes we win.
Sometimes we lose.

There are people who always seem to win.
And there are those who always seem to lose.
Then there are those people who anticipate a loss and lose before they can win.

A person may be thought of as a player.
And people may be thought of as tokens.

The game may be played foolishly.
It may be played conservatively.
It may be fun.
It may be boring.
Th
The game depends on you and you alone.

****

TOO MUCH, TOO SOON

Screenplay by Peggy Lorrainne Sullivan
William Smith Jr., Director
William Smith, Sr., Producer

CAST
(In order of appearance)

Orapadeeny Smith Jones	Diana Ross
Glenskelevensky Jones	Michael Jackson
Brenda	Billy Jean
Melly	Nell Carter
Nelly	Jennifer Holiday
Ambulance Men	David Hasselhoff and Tom Selleck

CREDITS

Make-up	Sarah Jones
Sound	Sheila Stone
Camera	Jason Moffett
Casting	Peggy Sullivan
Editor	Billy Dee Williams
Special Effects	Michael Jackson
Costuming	Opal Gardner
Hair Design	Patti Smith
Art Scenic Design	Tommy Thomas

Stokes Production
Copyright XXX
All rights reserved

Guide to the Reader of Film Script

The following terms have been exerpted from The Book of Movie Photography. Cheshire, David, Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1979.

C.U. Close-up-isolating subject
Crane shot-moving camera up and down to different positions.
Fade-in-opens scene. Fade-out followed by fade-in; transition shot.
L. S.-Long shot-establishes overall setting.
Mastershot-two subjects in profile
M. C. U.-medium close-up
M. S.-Mid-shot-reveals immediate surroundings.
Pan-horizontal rotation of camera on its vertical axis. Used to cover wider scene, a movable subject, or to relate one subject to another.
R. A. S.-reverse angle shot-two shot with wide angle; on subject in foreground, or opposite.
Subjective shot-shot in which view by camera is view seen by character.
Tilt-Pan in vertical direction; used to establish suspense of mystery
Tracking a subject-move camera horizontally across floor to change perspective.
Two-shot-two subjects in shot
Zoom-in-narrow vision and concentration, forcing attention to the close-up.
Zoom-out-succession of new objects appear as revelation creating interest.

Scene Breakdown

Scene #1
Location: Studio apartment
Props: double sofa bed, small round table, two kitchen chairs, a 19" black and white television set sitting on a television stand, stove, refrigerator, bathroom.

Characters:
Orapadenny (Ora) Smith Jones-35-year-old temporarily laid-off worker at Caterpillar plant in Joliet, Illinois. She's been married to Glenskelevensky Jones about six months.
Glenskelevensky (Glen) Jones-25-year old recently married, unemployed, vacationing college student at Joliet Junior College.

Dress: Orapadenny and Glenskelevensky-jeans and T-shirt that says "Married life is Marvelous".

Opening of Scene: Tilt following voices, stop at kitchen table where Ora and Glen quietly talk. R.A.S. of Ora and Glen talking quietly.

Zoom-in Close-up
Glen: (Hesitantly) Dear
Ora: Yes
Glen: (Stuttering) Well, I want to suggest something, but I don't want you to get offended and take it the wrong way. I think you
(Ora cuts Glen off)
Ora: (Curiously) You think I should what?

Close-up
Glen: (Fidgeting) I think you should, should (lowers voice) lose some weight.

Zoom-in on facial expressions
Ora: (Gritting teeth, trying to stay calm) Well, dear, I know I'm a little overweight
Glen: (Cuts Ora off) You're a lot overweight!
Ora: (Sadly) I know, I know I am, Baby, and I'm trying to lose weight. I really am (Sniffle), but it isn't easy you know.

Glen is feeling guilty now and tries to cheer Ora up.

Glen: (Kindly) I know, honey, but you can't keep expanding like you are now. We've only been married six months and already you've gained one-hundred pounds.
Ora: (Defenselvely) Now, look, I know I've gotten slightly bigger since we've been married. But that's no reason to make me feel as if I'm going for a lead role as the fat lady in Barnum and Bailey's Circus.

Pan to Ora. Ora begins to cry. Glen walks over to her and wipes the tears away with his fingers. Glen feels guilty and wishes he wouldn't [illegible]

truth about how he feels about Ora's obesity.

Mid-shot — Glen: (Tenderly) Baby, I, I, I, really didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I'm sorry, so sorry, Baby.
Ora: (Stops crying) That's all right, and you know what?
Glen: What?
Ora: (Half smiling) I'm going to go to Chicago's Fat Farm and stay there however long it takes until I'm down to 130 pounds again. That's the weight I was when we got married.

M.A.S. — Glen: (Smiling, hugs Ora, then stops) That's my girl, but baby
Ora: (Skeptically) What?
Glen: (Sincerely) I want you to know something.
Ora: Yes!

Close-up — Glen: (Looking into her eyes) I love you now, and I'll always love you (Looks her over smiling)

Medium Close-up — even if you don't lose the weight.
Ora: (Looks down at floor) Are you sure?

Glen puts his fingers below Ora's chin, and gently lifts her chin up, so their eyes are level.

Glen: (Softly) Yes!

Ora and Glen hug, then separate to arms' length of each other, still holding hands. Glen fully turns Ora slowly around, giving her a once-over look. He speaks while kissing and holding Ora.

Master-shot — Glen: Yes, I'm definitely sure I'll still love you, with or without the weight.

Glen and Ora kiss while walking slowly toward the double sofa bed.

Dissolve

Location: Lobby of Chicago's Fat Farm
Characters: Glen, Ora.
Dress: Glen and Ora dress pants and button-up shirts

Master-shot — Glen: (Sadly) I don't want to go, Baby. (Tears in eyes) You know I don't want to go, don't you, Baby?
Ora: (Sadly) Yes, Baby, but if you don't go, then I'll never have the courage to loose this weight, so that when you return in six months, I'll be back down to my 34-28-34 shape.
Glen: (Curiously) How do you know it'll take that long?
Ora: (Sniffle) Well, Glen, I called this morning while you were in the bathroom to see just how long I'll have to be away from you (Sniffle). The receptionist said it'll take me no longer than six months. I have to allow time for my body to adjust to the diet and exercise program.

Mastershot Close-Up — Glen: (Tears fall from his eyes) Six months.
Ora: (Tears fall from her eyes) Yes, I didn't expect it to be that long either. Baby, I'm sorry.
Glen: (Softly) I really don't want you to go, Ora, I'll miss you so much. (Tears fall freely).

Close-up — Ora holds Glen and pats his back as he cries on her shoulder. Glen separates from Ora.

Right Angle Shot — Glen: (Still crying) Well, Baby, (Wipes tears away) I'm not going to go.

Ora tries not to cry, and she speaks.

Ora: (Sniffle) O. K., Glen. I'll see you in six months.

Subjective shot — The distance between Glen and Ora widens as they talk.

Longshot — Glen reaches exit door, blows Ora a kiss and gets on the train. He returns to an empty apartment which will remain that way for about six lonely months.

Fade-in Fade-out

Location: studio apartment
Characters: Glen and Brenda Butterbutte
Dress: Glen-robe, jockey shorts
Brenda-a tight zippered jumpsuit that shows half of her 38-D size breasts. She wears no bra.
Props: Same as Scene 1

Tilt — There is a light knock on the door. Glen doesn't move from under the covers, hoping the person will go away, but the knock proceeds.

Medium close up, crane shot, mid-shot — Glen tosses the covers off of himself, lifts himself out of bed. He grabs his robe off of the end of the sofa bed and puts it on while he walks toward the door.

Tilt — Glen opens the door without looking through the peephole or asking who it is first, and lets Brenda Butterbutte in. Then he closes and locks the door.

Master-shot — Glen: You'll have to excuse the way this apartment looks, I just woke up and I won't-

(continued)

had a chance to clean it up yet.

Close-up
Subjective shot

Brenda looks the place over and Glen licks lips.
Brenda: Everything looks fine to me, and I do mean everything. (Clears her throat) I was wondering if Ora wants to celebrate our being friends for seven years.
Glen: I knew you and Ora knew each other because you were maid-of-honor, and your husband was my best man at our wedding, although I really didn't know him at all.
Brenda: Yeah, seven whole years. Yep, by the way, where is Ora. I know I should have called first. (Looks at Glen and gives him a devilish smile) I hope I didn't disturb anything.

Close-up

Master-shot

Glen: There's nothing to disturb. Ora isn't here.

Close-up

Brenda: (Laughing) Well, I thouhgt I'd give you two about five and a half months for your honeymoon, that's why I haven't been over. Ora's not here? (Stops laughing, asks curiously) Where is Ora?
Glen: Out of town. She's taking care of a personal problem.

Close-up

Brenda gives him a frowning, nasty look with her face. Glen looks at her, then realizing what he said, he re-phrased it.

Master-shot

Glen: (Apologetically) No, no, it's nothing sickening. She's not having an abortion either, if that's what you were thinking.
Brenda takes the frown off her face and replaces it with a quizzical look.
Brenda: Well, where is she? What is she doing, and when will she be back?
Glen takes a breath and answers at once.
Glen: Ora is in Chicago. She's there to lose weight. She'll be back in one and a half weeks; I'm going up there to pick her up.
Brenda: (Curiously) Isn't that your anniversary?
Glen: (Smiles happily) Yes. We'll be married for one full year.

Subjective shot

Brenda: (Smiles) That's beautiful.
For the first time, Glen really looks at Brenda in her revealing zippered jumpsuit. He begins to talk absentmindedly.
Glen: You're very beautiful. You remind me a lot of Ora. She's beautiful also.
Glen begins to cry suddenly.
Glen: (Sniffle, sob, sob) I really do love and miss Ora.

Right Angle shot

Brenda feels sorry for Glen who is, like a baby, crying uncontrollably. She kisses his scalp, and holds him against her breast to comfort him.

Two-shot tracking

She walks Glen over to the sofa and sits down with him on the double bed. Glen continues to cry like a baby, so Brenda rocks him gently in her arms and innocently kisses his tears away.
Brenda, who always though Glen was handsome, took advantage of his vulnerable situation.

Medium close-up

She kissed some of his tears away. She begins to talk to Glen, while looking in his eyes.
Brenda: How are you feeling Glen?

Two-shot mid-shot

Glen: (Sniffle, sniffle) Better now. Thank you very much Brenda. I'm sorry though, I didn't mean to cry like that in front of you.
Brenda puts two fingers over Glen's lips.
Brenda: Shh-shh, it's okay, Glen. It's okay.
Brenda takes her fingers from Glen's lips. Glen looks at Brenda bewildered.
Glen: I just miss Ora so much, Brenda. I really do. I've been so lonely without her. So, so lonely.

Pan

Glen begins to cry again, and although Brenda wipes his tears away, he keeps crying. Brenda rocks Glen in her arms, but that didn't work either, so she

Zoom-out

strokes Glen gently between his legs. Glen is stunned and begins to speak while moving her hand away.
Glen: Brenda, what the hell do you think you're doing?
Brenda cuts Glen off.
Brenda: (Teasingly) I'm stopping you from crying, Glen.

(continued)

Crane shot — Glen stands up and heads toward the refrigerator.
Glen: I need a stiff drink.

Zoom-out — Glen has his back to Brenda while reaching for a drink. Brenda takes off all her clothes, determined to play tag with Glen.

Long-shot

Medium close-up — Glen turns around and drops the can of unopened beer from his hand and looks at Brenda astonished.

Close-up — Glen: My Gosh! What's wrong with you, Brenda?

Long-shot — Brenda grabs Glen's hand and walks back to the sofa bed where both sit down quietly.

two-shot

Zoom-in — Brenda: (Seriously) What's wrong with me? I'll tell you. Me and Bill are separated. We have been for the last five and a half months. So, if you're wondering why come I'm flirting with you, it's because I'm in bad need of some

Pan

Glen cuts her off.

Glen: (Seriously) Well, so am I, but you don't see me throwing myself at you, do you?

Brenda: (Starts to cry) I bet is't because I'm not attractive, isn't it? Tell me, I can take it.

Close-up — Glen begins holding Brenda in his arms to stop her from crying.

Two-shot — Brenda: (Still crying) Come on, I know it's true.

Close-up — Glen begins kissing Brenda's tears away, then pulls her close so he can rock her in his arms to stop her from crying.
Glen: (Kindly) No, no. It's not true. You're a very beautiful woman, and it hasn't been easy for me to fight temptation.

Pan — Brenda cuts him off by stroking him between his legs, nibbling lightly on his ear, and softly stroking his back.

Medium Close-up — Glen: (Half-heartedly) Come on now, stop that. Stop that. (Brenda cuts him off)
Brenda: (TEasingly) You know you want me, so come on and let nature take its course. I guarantee you won't be disappointed.

Glen starts to protest, but Brenda is on top of him; he is barely able to speak, but he does, right before he is totally seduced.

Close-up — Glen: (Half-dreamy) I know this evening it will just keep coming and coming and coming, so I'm going to lay back and enjoy.

Dissolve

Location: Studio apartment
Characters: Brenda and Glen
Dress: Jeans, short-sleeve shirts
Props: Same as Scene 1.

Mid-shot — There is a knock at the door. Glen opens door. It is Brenda. She enters and stands by door. Glen closes and locks door and stands by door also.

Two-shot — Brenda: I really can't stay very long. I have someone outside waiting for me in the car.
Glen: (Curiously) Who?
Brenda: (Trying to conceal happiness) My husband, Bill.
Glen: (Trying to conceal hurt) Really?
Brenda: Yes, really.
Glen: How'd you two patch things up?
Brenda: Bill came over about an hour ago, and told me he loved me and wanted us to get back together.
Glen: Well, I'm happy for you and Bill.

Brenda returns to door.

Brenda: (Uneasily) Well, I must go. Bill is waiting.
Glen: (Opens door) Good-bye and good luck.

Brenda walks out door, turns to Glen

Brenda: (Sadly) I mailed your wife a letter this morning telling her all about you and me.

Fade-out

Location: Chicago Fat Farm
Characters: Ora, Melly-35-year-old woman at Chicago Fat Farm, Nelly-40-year-old woman at Chicago Fat Farm, Two ambulance men
Props: Kitchen, refrigerator full of food

Medium close-up — Ora is sitting at kitchen table. Mailman walks in and hands her a letter.
Ora: I wonder who it's from.
She opens it happily and begins to read. The more she reads, the more her facial expression be-

(continued)

come more fierce. She finish letter.

Close-up - Ora: (Bitterly) Why those no good dogs! How could they? (Shakes her head) Brenda and Glen, oh my gosh, how could they?

Ora is emotionally unhappy and has a craving for food.

Ora: (Crying) I'ts a damn shame. Her I am back to my original 34-28-24 shape, waiting for Glen wo we can spend the rest of this day, our one-year anniversary, day together, and I receive this letter. (Angrily) Well, I know how to fix Glen's no-good ass. He didn't like it when I got fat before. He's going to hate it even more now.

Long-shot Ora runs for the refrigerator with a chair and opens the door as wide as it can go and sets the chair directly in front of the refrigerator. She then grabs food, food, food, any food, all food. She eats, swallows, eats, eats, eats.

Ora: I'll show that no-good bastard. I . . . I . . . can't . . . can't b . . er . . breathe!!

Ora falls out of her chair with a jug of eggnog in one hand and a peanut butter and jelly sandwich in the other. Melly and Nelly walk into the kitchen and see Ora. Melly calls the ambulance while Nelly unsuccessfully tries to give Ora mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Melly returns and, together, they wait for the ambulance.

Fade-out, Fade-in

Glen and the ambulance men arrive at the same time, about five minutes. Glen doesn't know there's something wrong with Ora, so he pays no attention to the ambulance men. Glen goes to Ora's room. The nurse tells him Ora is in the kitchen. Glen enters kitchen and hears talk.

Ambulance men: (Sadly) I'm sorry. We done all we could do, but she's dead.

Melly and Nelly leave room crying. Glen enters and walks over to ambulance men.

Glen: (Sadly) Is that true? She can't be dead.

Ambulance Man: Who are you?

Glen: (Crying) I'm her husband.

Ambulance Man: (Softly) Yes. We're very sorr, but she's dead.

Glen falls to the floor crying so hard that he couldn't catch his breath, and chokes to death instantly.

Ambulance man to other ambulance man: Maybe they will be together now.

He looks up at ceiling, then to other man.

Other Ambulance Man: Yeah, (Short pause) maybe.

****

Lauren LeDuc

DEAR LAUREN: ADVICE COLUMN

Dear Lauren:

Is it normal behavior for a 13-year-old boy to strap a hubcap to his buttocks and spin around on the floor yelling, "Dolly Parton is not diabetic!!" or am I just being old-fashioned?

Mother of a Moron

Dear Mom,

Get with it! This is not the 1940's when you sang "Hut, sut ralston on the ril-a-raw." Get yourself a hubcap and be hip!

Dear Lauren,

Why don't men in drag shave their knuckles?

Drag Divine

Dear D. D.,

Maybe she/he thinks it goes well with the nail-polish. Be a sport and send a Bic razor.

****

Judy Belfield

SUPPLICANT

Cemetery whizzed past,
an emerald blur
spotted with red-geranium dots:
blood splotches
plopped on my moss-green mind
by an invisible eyedropper--
a whispered plea:
"Remember me."

****

Trina Cousineau

WEATHER CONTROL

In a small research laboratory in Washington, D. C., Walter Wittimore stood back from the swirling form inside the glass enclosure. Walter was a thin, short man, with dark hair and glasses

(continued)

whose IX was 140.

For the past year, Walter had been doing experiments. Using chemicals from his lab, and a temperature control booth, he had just made a tornado. He watched the tornado swirl around inside the booth, hitting and bouncing off the walls. He coated the glass with a formula he had invented, making the glass indestructible. As he watched the tornado, it was slowly growing larger. He went over to the table and got a tube filled with chemicals he had prepared. He poured them in a slot on the control panel and turned the hot and cold dials off. Instantly, the tornado vanished.

He got on the phone and called an old friend, Simon DeKriuf. Simon was one of the scientists working on weather control for the government. Every country had the deadly nuclear bombs. Now it was a race to see who would be forst in learning to control the weather.

"Simon, I've got something to show you. When can you come to my lab?"

"Walter, do you know what time it is?"

"No. I haven't looked at a clock all day. I've made an important discovery. You have to witness it."

"It happens to be 4:00 in the morning. If it's that important, I'll stop by on my way to the lab tomorrow. Goodnight, Walter."

"Goodnight, Simon."

Walter was so hyped up, he knew he wouldn't be able to sleep. He decided to have something to eat and wait for Simon.

Simon came over at 8 o'clock. He was a short man who was 30 pounds overweight, with graying hair.

Walter was exulted as he watched the look of pur shock form on Simon's face, when he saw the tornado appear.

"We have the most important scientists in our country working ten hours a day, trying to do what you have done here. You have to come with me to the government lab, and show us how you've don this."

Walter packed up the items he would need and went along with Simon.

After Simon had Walter cleared through higher authority, the guards let them through. The lab was impressive, compared to Walter's small lab. It was the size of a large warehouse, and had high technology equipment.

"Gentlemen, this is Walter, a friend of mine," Simon said to the large group of scientists. "He has something to show you that you'd be interested in seeing."

While they got acquainted with Walter, Simon stood back with a smile of anticipation.

"Ok, why don't you all observe while Walter demonstrates his discovery."

"What has he discovered?" asked one of the scientists.

"Walter has accomplished one of the things we've been working on. He has created a tornado."

All the scientists looked on skeptically as Walter mixed his chemicals. He set the gauges on the temperature booth and poured his chemicals. To everyone's (except Walter's and Simon's) amazement, a tornado appeared.

Over lunch, Walter and Simon laughed about the look of surprise on the scientists' faces.

"You know, Walter, you could join us in our experiments. I discussed it with my superiors."

"No. I don't enjoy working with others in the same room, and at set times."

"Why don't you think about it for awhile? We've made quite a few discoveries ourselves."

"Where do you test your experiments?"

"Well, I can't tell you nothing until you join us."

"Well, I'll be going now. I'll think about joining you, and let you know."

"I hope the vote's in our favor. Goodbye for now."

"Goodbye, Simon."

Walter made up for his lack of sleep. He dozed off that afternoon when he got home, and didn't wake up til the next morning. He was listening to the radio while he had his coffee.

The radio announcer was speaking of strange, occurring weather changes throughout the United States. It was raining heavily in Alabama, after clear sunny skies were predicted all week. There was a windstorm in New York. The announcer's last statement was it was snowing in Arizona. Walter started thinking Simon's organization was behind it.

Justthen the phone rang.

"hello."

"Hi, Walter, it's Simon."

"I was just thinking about you, Simon. Did your organization have anything to do with these weather changes that are taking place?"

"Of course not, Walter. Whatever put such an idea in your head?"

"It's the strange way the weather is making complete turnabouts. It isn't natural."

"I agree, it's strange, but we had nothing to do with it. Now for the reason I called. Did you change your mind about joining us?"

"No, I don't believe I will."

"It's our misfortune. We are prepared to pay you for your discovery. Of course, your silence goes along with that."

"Yes, that sounds fine to me."

"I'll arrange it then. Goodbye for now."

(continued)

"Goodbye."

Walter worked in his lab all day. That evening an associate, Pam Newbury, and Walter went out for dinner. Pam was pretty in a sort of plain way. She had pale brown hair and brown eyes that were too big for her face. She was too short, and could use 20 pounds.

"Walter, do you get up at 5:00 a.m. to watch the space shuttles take off?"

"No, I'm afraid I'm not an early riser. Do you get up that early?"

"Not usually, but those space shuttles fascinate me. One took off two days ago. The strange thing is, another will be taking off tomorrow."

"So that's how they do it!"

"Do what, Walter? What are you talking about?"

"Just thinking out loud. It's nothing. If you're through eating, I think we should be going."

"What's the hurry?"

"I just remembered there is something I was supposed to do tonight."

"Okay. We can be going now."

After Walter dropped Pam off, he rushed to Simon's. Simon jumped up from behind his desk as Walter burst into the room.

"The organization is behind these changes in the weather, Simon. They're using space shuttles to drop the chemicals in the atmosphere, which in turn causes a reaction among clouds, and changes in the air."

"Walter, you've been working too hard. Now, sit down, and rest. I'll get you a drink."

"I don't want a drink. You have to stop them. If they're planning on experimenting with that tornado tomorrow, it could be disastrous. You don't know what it's capable of doing. I'll go to the newspapers and tell them the whole story."

Simon walked over to the phone on his desk and picked it up.

"Hello, this is Simon DeKruif; yes, let me speak to him." (Pause) "Yes, Mr. President, Walter Wittimore has been under a great deal of stress. He's imagining the government is experimenting with the weather. He should be placed in a mental institution immediately." (Pause) "I'll expect them within an hour.

Walter jumped up and ran to the door. As his hand touched the knob, a bullet whizzed by his head, splintering the wood on the door.

"The next one will not miss. Come sit down and make yourself comfortable."

Walter walked over and sat in the chair.

"You won't get away with this. There isn't anyone who will believe I'm mentally insane."

Simon gave him an injection, which put him to sleep.

When Walter woke, he looked around the small, empty, white room. He tried to get up, but couldn't move. He was strapped to the bed. Just then, a nurse came through the door.

"Well, I'm glad to see you've decided to join us again, Frank. I have some dinner for you."

"My name is Walter, and I don't belong here. I'm a scientist. I invented a tornado, and if you don't help me get out of here, I won't be able to stop them."

"Take it easy, Frank, you're safe here. We'll take care of you."

"I told you, my name is not Frank, it's Walter. The government is conducting experiments with the weather. I have to stop them."

"If you don't calm down, I'll have to give you a sedative."

"You don't understand. They're going to unleash my tornado on this country."

"Okay, Frank, I'll have to give you a sedative."

Before Walter fell asleep, he heard the radio from the nurses' station in the hall. The radio announcer was telling how a tornado wiped out the entire state of California.

****

Judy Belfield

JUST BUZZIN

I write enticing lines
and think
I am only an insect
flitting in the fields
on a sunny afternoon--
a honeybee
trying to make a tiny mark
on your heart...
I wonder
if you would die this way
for me.

****

Shelbia Chandler

COLD WEATHER BLUES

Oh, how I long for the summer sun
To bake and broil til I'm overdone.
It's funny that only last summer I
Wished for winter til I thought I'd die.
Now I'm tired of the cold; shaking in my boots
I'm ready for a change,
Give me warmth and swimming suits.
Oh, what I'd give for a summer breeze
Flowers in my garden and birds in my trees
Water balloons in Highland Park
Flies in the daytime, mosquitoes after dark.
Don't think I've forgotten those some bugs I hated
But last summer's dreams have all been outdated
Now all I long for is hot summer sun
To tan or to burn and to have lots of f

Judy Belfield

SUMMER AND SILVER

Silver bikini
gleaming on the beach,
a star in the sands.
Water, headache-bright with sun,
inches up slowly,
a hesitant admirer
longing to kiss toes,
wash over lean bronze legs
quivering with pulse.

Summer is the clash of cymbals,
a medley of metals:
silver, gold, copper, bronze, brass,
linked together by heat
into a fine chain.

We are a swimsuit
in small pieces--
sleeping softly on Mother's breast
warming up to life again
in the trickles of perspiration
that dampen our edges.

We are forged in a bronze kettle
and spilled onto brass sand,
while the copper sky, punched with gold,
kisses our eyes awake.
And for a short time,
we are silver
gleaming on the beach.

****

Kim Baxa

SUMMER'S END

The summer is over, it's time has past
I only wish that warm days could last
Summer dreams just seem to fade away
As does the sun at the end of the day
The morning sun shall no longer shine
Nor the birds' song dance upon this heart of mine
Winter's cold hand reaches far into the night
With the gray clouds to enjoy the fright
Icy touch of sleet, hail and snow
I watch and wait for the cold days to go
Upon their demise the sun shall shine again
As the cycle repeats beginning to end.

****

Donna Shibovich

JeaLousy

Enter mind
spin about
hidden
but powerfully
redoing
rosaying
rewriting . . .
breaking
remaking--
ending with
the echo feeling
lousy, Lousy . . .

****

Valorie Randin

MAUVE

Mauve may be just a color
but it's more than that to me.

Mauve is the color my sister wore
when she called me from the oak tree.

When I ran to her with outstretched arms
and cried, "My dress is tore!"

I looked up to her,
gave her a hug,
and wrinkled the mauve skirt she wore.

Mauve is the color
that splashed my soul
whenever she was around.

It made me happy when
I was sad,
when I was hyper
it cooled me down.

My sister has gone away
to some far place.
And of her existence
she has left no trace.

But when the mauve color
finds my eye
I bow my head
and start to cry.

Yes, mauve may be just a color
but it's more than that to me.

Mauve is the color my sister
wore when she called me
from the oak tree.

****

Judy Belfield

TURNABOUT

My passion stolen,
given to a poet
already rich of heart
who gushes eloquence
as faithfully
as the Mississippi runs its course
to the Gulf.
Old Man
carries me along
to the Delta
where I sink in silt
to my throat--
choked by my own yesterday fervor:
It is justice
of a sort
I would not say
if I could.

****

Judy Belfield

TWO GRAMPA POEMS

GOING HOME

Grampa says
his suitcase is packed,
he's ready to go now,
ready to go home
everyday around two.
He spends his mornings
getting ready,
packing shirts, socks, slacks,
unpacking,
packing again--
everything has to be just so
before he snaps the locks shut
and comes upstairs
and says it's time to go
again.
Suitcase nearby
he sits by the door
waiting
watching everyone pass
from livingroomtokitchen
tobathroomtobedroom
and back.
He waits and watches,
ears closed over by time,
mind in yesterday,
eyes heavy.
He naps for an hour or so
then wakes and takes his suitcase
back downstairs.
Later, as he slips into bed
weary from the long day
he reminds himself:
need to get up early
need plenty of time
to pack the suitcase--
going home tomorrow.

A LONG TRIP

Grampa packed his suitcase
and put it in the car--
it was going to be a long trip.
The doctor
said Grampa was in great condition,
his body was fine
for an eighty-five-year-old man
but his mind wandered
through all his yesterdays,
couldn't catch up to today.
Later, Grampa said,
"That doctor
was damned-near as old as me--
the army will take anybody these days...
well, I guess with a war on and all
ya gotta expect it."
On the way home,
Grampa wondered how he'd look
in a doughboy uniform--
right-smart, by God.
"Loretta, you take good care
of my banjo now.
I might not be back
for quite a while . . .
yessir, quite a while . . .

****

Yolanda Wolz

GOODNIGHT LITTLE BROTHER
(A Memorial)

The last time I saw you,
you were wearing your best
suit and had a rosary in
your hands. Your hair was
combed neatly and you look-
ed so handsome. I brought
you roses and my favorite
cross with its purple beads.
You had an American flag
and a Crazy Rock T-shirt
folded neatly at your side
and a bud tucked into your
jacket because these were
the things you loved. Your
eyes were closed and you
were surrounded by flowers
and all your friends. You
looked so peaceful lying
there. I kissed you good-
night and hoped you were
happy. When I left I knew
I'd never see you again.

****

Yolanda Wolz

THE WATER'S EDGE

Sitting by the river late at night
is easy for me to do
because it's right by my house.
It's only a short walk
on the cool cement sidewalk
to get to the park,
the Bicentennial Park, I mean.
I usually go there at night
because of the conforting silence.
Through the silence you can hear the
waves
splashing and hitting the edges,
a hypnotic sound that draws you
closer and closer until
you can see your reflection
looking back from the water.
Standing there staring into the wetness
I often wonder if it's as cool
and conforting as it looks
or if anyone would care
if I joined my reflection
floating in the water
calm and cool and peaceful
waves caressing my body.
As I stand there staring
the silence is interrupted
by violence threatening in the guise
of a sound made by a door closing,
the murmur of a voice,
and then a footstep.
My body tenses and I start to run,
feet pounding the pavement,
footsteps echoing in the night.
As I get home and rush through the door
I feel an incredible pain
from being driven away

(continued)

from the water's edge, but
tomorrow night I'll go again
seeking the softness of the water
and tomorrow night I'll
step a little closer
and maybe.

****

Judy Belfield

DREAMWALKER

I live in a dream of yesterday,
a pathetic Miss Havershan
decaying in correct proportion
to crumbling cake
and graying lace
except
it wasn't my wedding.
The price of rejection
cannot be calculated--
it is like the Mona Lisa in reverse
and I depreciate daily,
trailing a tattered gown
through dusty rooms,
trying to remove tearstains
from a photo of the stranger
I wanted to call "Daddy".

****

Judy Lake

JOEY'S BURIED TREASURE
(A Children's Story)

Joey is a little boy who especially likes it when his mother reads a story to him out of his favorite storybook. One night, before bedtime, Joey's mommy was reading a story all about buried treasure and pirates. Joey liked the story so well that he even had a dream about hunting for buried pirate's treasure.

The very next morning, after Joey had gotten dressed and finished his breakfast, he told him mom that he was going to go outside and hunt for buried treasure. She suggested that he dig far back in the backyard by the fence so that he wouldn't disturb the garden.

So, Joey took his two shovels and a bucket and headed toward the backyard fence. He found a place that he thought looked just right for finding buried treasure, so he sat down and started to dig and dig.

After a little while, Joey's friend, Amy, came over. "Hi, Joey! Whatcha doin?"

"I'm digging for buried pirate's treasure," said Joey. "Want to help?"

"Sure!" said Amy, and she sat down next to Joey and they both started digging. After a few minutes, Amy hit something with her shovel.

"Hey, Joey!" she shouted. "I think I've found the buried treasure!"

"Here, let me help," said Joey, and he and Amy dug until they uncovered a rock about the size of a walnut.

"It's just some dumb old rock," said Amy as she got up to leave. "I'm tired of looking for buried treasure, Joey. I'm going toride my bike now. See you later!"

"Bye!" said Joey as he sat looking at the rock Amy had found. Joey wiped away some of the dirt from the rock on his pant-leg, and held the rock in the sunlight. In the sun's reflection, the rock seemed to have several different colors, and Joey thought it looked almost like a rainbow. He also thought it had to be the most beautiful rock that he had ever seen. He put the rock in his pocket and started digging again.

Soon, Joey's friend, Danny, came by.

"What's up, Joey?" asked Danny.

"I'm looking for buried pirate's treasure," said Joey.

"Great!" shouted Danny. "Can I help?"

"Sure, here's a shovel," said Joey, and they both started digging. Pretty soon, Danny noticed something kind of shiny in his shovelful of dirt.

"Hey, Joey, look at this! I've found the buried treasure!"

Joey and Danny looked closer at the shiny object. They saw that it was a very old brass button that had been lost for a very long time. If it was cleaned and polished, it would be very beautiful and shiny.

"OH, this is nothing," said Danny as he got ready to throw the button high up into the air.

"Wait!" shouted Joey. "Don't throw it away."

"Here, you can have this silly ol' button," said Danny as he headed for home. "See you later, Joey. I'm tired of looking for buried treasure."

"Goodbye," answered Joey as he sat looking at the button. He thought it was probably the neatest button that he had ever seen. So, Joey put the button in his pocket along with the rock and started digging again.

Shortly, Joey's next-door neighbors, Carla and Carrie came over.

"Let's play on the swing set, Joey," they called.

"Nope," answered Joey. "I'm digging for buried pirate's treasure."

"Wow!" shouted Carla and Carrie. "Can we help too?" asked Carla.

"Sure," said Joey, and before too long, they were all digging in the dirt. Joey and Carla were using Joey's two shovels, and Carrie was lifting the dirt out of the hole with her hands.

All of a sudden, Carla unearthed an old rusty key.

"You've found something!" said Carrie.

(continued)

"This is no pirate's treasure, though," said Carla. "This is just an old rusty key that doesn't belong to anything or anybody."

Carla put the key back in the hole and started to bury it again.

"I'd like to see that key again," said Joey. So, Carla uncovered the key once more.

"You can have this ugly old key, Joey. I'd rather be swinging than digging for treasure. Come on, Carrie!"

"So long!" said Joey as he wathhed Carla and Carrie head for their backyard. Joey picked up the key and looked at it. He started to imagine what kind of lock the key used to fit. "Maybe this key was for someone's house or car, or maybe even a motorcycle," thought Joey.

Joey decided that he was finished with his digging for today. "And besides," through Joey, "I didn't find anything. It was Amy who found the beautiful rainbow rock and Danny found the neato button, and now Carla and Carrie found this rusty old key."

Joey took the rock and the button out of his pocket and looked at all three of the other children's discoveries. He held the rock up to the sunlight again so that all the beautiful colors sparkled in the sun's rays. He looked at the old shiny button and thought how neat it would look on one of his very own shirts. And then, he picked up the key and thought again about what it might have belonged to. Joey knew he would have lots of fun trying to imagine where the key might fit.

Joey decided to go indoors and show his mother what the other children had found.

"Hi, buddy," said Joey's mom. "How's your treasure hunt coming along?" she asked.

"Not so well," replied Joey. "I didn't find anything at all. But Amy found this terrific rock, and Danny found a real cool button, and Carla and Carrie discovered this rusty key."

Joey displayed his treasure collection to his mother. "They all thought this stuff was just a bunch of junk, so they let me keep it," Joey told his mom. "But, Mom, I think these are some of the neatest things I've ever had!"

"It sounds to me," said Joey's mother, "that instead of finding buried pirate's treasure, that you've found Joey's buried treasure!"

"You know, Mom, you could be right!" said Joey as he ran outside to play.

****

Kin Baxa

BILLY THE KID

The sign said "Dry Gulch Saloon." It was faded and cracked, but still readable. The The small building that the sign boasted of was the only saloon in the small town of Dry Gulch, and it was always full. There were men drinking whiskey or red eye, and playing cards, and a few of the "loose" women sat around the bar. There was even a piano in one corner and a man who played it for tips. There was constantly noise coming from the saloon that could be heard far down the town's one dusty road.

One day, the room suddenly became deadly quiet, as two men walked through the saloon's swinging doors. Every head turned towards them, and all eyes were on Billy the Kid and his partner, Bart. Billy the Kid was one of the meanest, most ruthless outlaws around. He had robbed almost every bank from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean, and he had killed many men, women, and children in the process. One story told of a time when, during a robbery, he put three bullets in a man just for sneezing. Now, he was in their town, and right across the street from the bank.

At first, he just stood there in his black five-gallon hat, faded blue-jeans with a hole in one knee, and his tan boots with scuff marks across the toes. He wore a red bandana tied around his neck, and two revolvers hung loosely around his hips. His hair was black as coal, and he had been darkened by long hours in the sun. His partner, Bart, was dressed similarly, except that he carried only one revolver, He had brown hair, and sky-blue eyes, and skin that was just as brown as Billy's.

The only sound in the saloon was the clomp, clomp, clomp of Billy's and Bart's boots as they crossed the wooden floor to the bar. It was so quiet that the piano player could hear one fly say to another, "I think we should leave."

Billy broke the silence with a loud voice.

"I'll have a red eye."

The bar tender quickly poured his drink so as not to upset Billy. Then, Billy looked towards the piano player, who had long-since stopped playing, and said, "What? You forget how to play that thing?"

The piano player promptly picked up where he had left off, and slowly, the conversations that had halted so suddenly began to pick up again. A few quick glances were flashed in the direction of the two men, and there were whispers concerning them. Soon, Billy was finished with his drink and slammed the glass down

(continued)

on the bar, Once again causing eyes to turn briefly towards him. Then, he flipped a coin on the bar, tapped Bart on the upper arm and began to walk out of the saloon. Bart followed as silently as a shadow.

They walked out onto the street, untied their horses from the wooden posts, and began to ride out of town. Unknown to Billy and Bart, a man followed them outside the saloon, jumped on a horse, and followed them down the road. As they rode on the dusty road, small clouds sprang up around the horses' feet, then settled as still as death, and the sun beat down, drying the town. They rode along in silence until they came to a run-down cabin.

"Here we are, home for a few days," said Billy, and they hopped off their horses, tied them up, and went inside. As they did, the man following them went to listen by an open window.

"Why did you pick a dumpy little town like Dry Gulch, Billy?"

"Because we have a job to do here."

"What kind of job?"

"What kind of job? What? Are you stupid? Dry Gulch may be a small town, but it has a big bank which we are going to rob."

"Again, Billy, I think we should stay out of sight for awhile."

"Hey, you turnin' chicken on me? We are doin' this job tomorrow, don't worry, I'm not going to get caught, ever! Got it?"

"Yeah, I got it."

The man outside the window decided that he had heard enough and got up to ride back to town. Unfortunately for Billy and Bart, that man was the town's deputy who was, by now, well on his way to the sheriff's office. As he burst in the door of the small building that served as jail for Dry Gulch, the sheriff looked up from his reading with a disgusted look on his face.

"What is your problem now? Did another cow get loose from Smith's broken fence?" He seemd to think that nothing could ever happen in their little town. He was wearing brown corduroys and a plaid shirt, and his feet were resting on his desk. He didn't care if they scratched the desk or not. His white hat was pushed back on his forehead, and a little star hung loosely from his shirt.

"No! You are never going to believe this. You are going to think I'm crazy. I can't believe this myself. You are never going to believe this . . ."

"Will you just stop babbling and tell me!"

"Billy the Kid is in town."

"I don't believe it. In our little town? Are you sure?"

"Yeah. I saw him with my own two eyes. He's out at Warren Jackson's old cabin right now. He and his partner plan on robbing the bank."

"Not as long as I'm sheriff! Let's go." The sheriff got up to get his horse. When he reached the door, he turned back to his deputy. "Come on, I don't have all day."

They jumped on their horses and rode out of town as fast as they could. They stopped their horses about twenty feet from the cabin and the sheriff shouted towards the door.

"All right, Billy, I know you're in there. I'm the sheriff of this here town and you are under arrest. Now, come out nice and peaceful-like."

For a few minutes, only silence came from the cabin, then the door opened and Bart came out with his hands up.

"Don't shoot, I have a message. Billy says you'll never take him alive, and if you try, he'll shoot you before you even get to the cabin door. He says he'll meet you tomorrow at the O. K. Corral at high noon."

"Is that so?" said the sheriff. "Well, you tell him I'll be there, and I'll get him, alive or dead."

It was almost noon, and the whole town seemed to be watching the O. K. Corral from windows of nearby buildings. The day was dry, and the sun beat down. One could almost see the rays of heat. The sheriff had both his guns hanging from his holster, and was just waiting for Billy to show up. Soon enough, Billy and Bart came riding up on their horses, and Billy jumped down. He also had two guns with him.

The two went to the center of the corral.

"OK," said the sheriff. "Ten paces, turn around and shoot." They then turned back to back and began walking.

"One . . . two . . . three. . . four . . . five . . . six . . . seven . . . eight . . . nine . . . ten."

They spun, and two shots rang. Both of the sheriff's guns were smoking. He had shot first. Billy was jolted. He stumbled and then sank to the dust. He just lay looking towards the sky.

There was a silence so complete that it almost suffocated those around. As the dust re-settled, one voice could be heard loud and clear.

"Billy, come wash your hands for dinner."

Billy, the kid, jumped up from the ground, and waved good-bye to his friends. Tomorrow, he was going to be a pirate.

****

William Bowden

HE BALLAD OF CUSS

Cuss once was the Great Goblin King,
Said to have power stored in a ring.
Over swamplands and plains lands his dominions they spread;
His very name filled all creatures with dread.

To build his great tomb in the midst on the marsh,
Many men died in slavery most harsh
His minions took all our best for his altar;
Not for a day did his bloody thirst falter.

Then there rose a great Count of Care
The greatest of heroes of yester-year;
He slew Cuss in the battle of Maloan
The Humanoids carried their slaughtered king home.

And now he awaits in the cold sleep of death
His day of awakening, his first newborn breath.
Through deep in the ground his followers closed him
He'll come back for vengeance on those who opposed him.

****

Dan Druszkowski

OBVERSE REVERSE

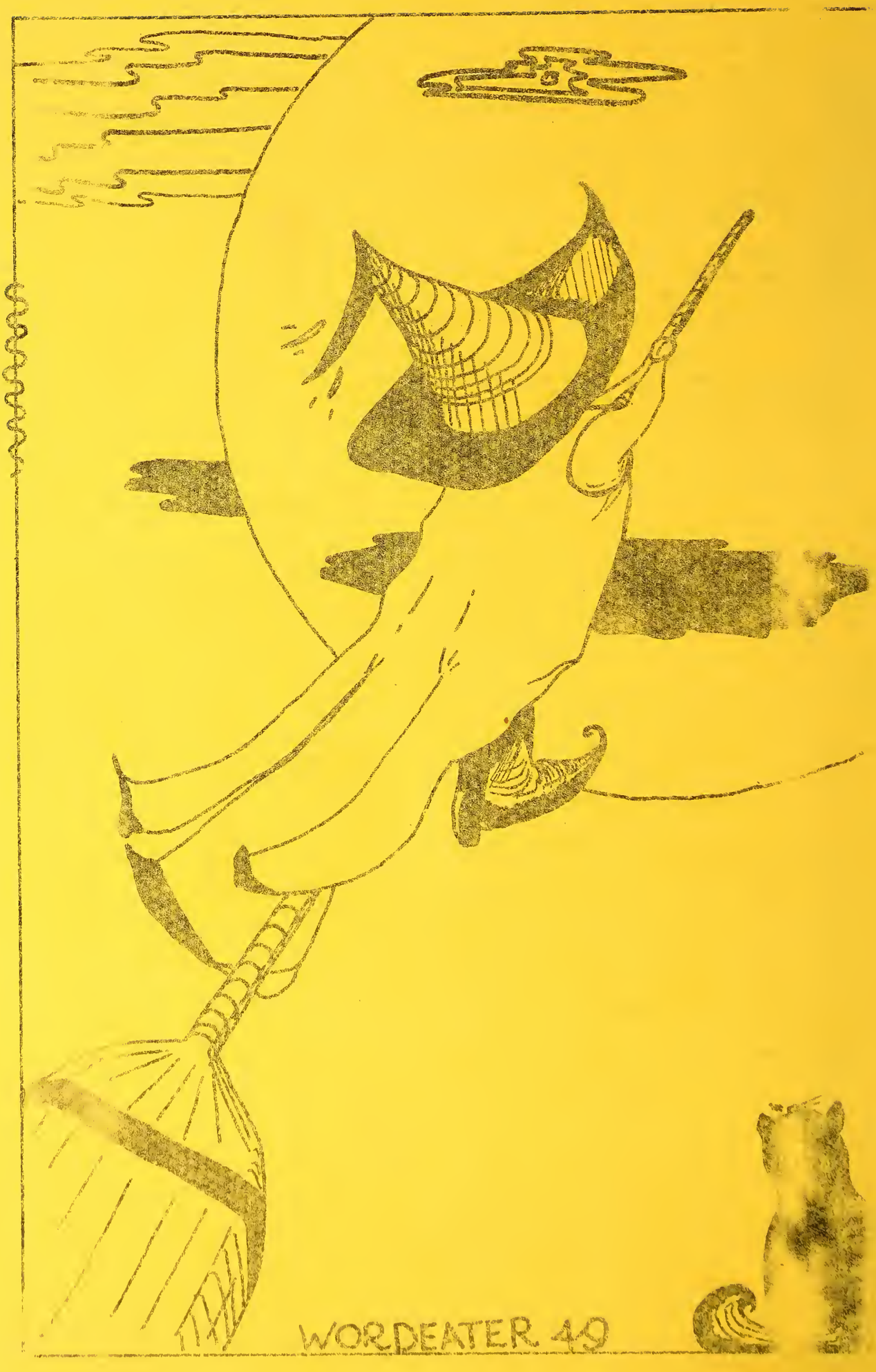
The heartbeats of two worlds
Pulsing rhythmically,
Two stories come to different ends
Simultaneously,
A judge sits in his chamber
Watching patiently
The jury shares its verdict
"Guilty by insanity!"
A plea from 'cross the ocean
shouted fervently,
"Our hands reach for freedom!"
They grin sardonically,
The mind has broke the spirit
Lost integrity,
Passion bruised the honest man
With depravity,
Two worlds singing different songs
Both harmonically,
Two stories start at the same place
So ironically.

****

Judy Belfield

ANOTHER KIND OF PATRIOTISM

I wave no flag,
for I have a sense of self
that needs no display,
no sign that says,
"This is what I am,"
for I am everyone
everywhere,
and everyone is me.

I wave no flag
that separates me from them
whoever they are
whatever they believe,
for I have a sense of place
that extends to the stars,
as far into space
as my eye can see,
as far into infinity
as a mind can imagine.

****